

THE
DEFENDERS

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



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THE DEFENDERS™

ENTER: STARHAWK!



WITH A
COVER LIKE
THIS ONE,
NEED WE
SAY
MORE?

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS!** TM

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MY MOTHER, THE BADOON!

QUICKIE SYNOPSIS: THE DEFENDERS HAVE JOURNEYED TO THE ALIEN-OCCUPIED EARTH OF 3015 A.D. ALONG WITH THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY. FREEDOM-FIGHTERS OF THAT ERA, HOWEVER, EARTH'S CONQUERORS, THE LIZARD-LIKE BROTHERHOOD OF BADOON, INTERCEPTED THE TELEPORT SIGNAL CARRYING FOUR OF THE HEROES TO THE PLANET'S SURFACE, THEREBY...

...STRANDING
VANCE ASTRO
AND VALKYRIE
ON A WEIRD
SWAMPWORLD...

...AND
MARDOONING
HULK AND
YONDU ON A
PLANET OF
DRUNKARDS
AND ROBOT
SLAVES.

DR. STRANGE, TIED
IN TO THE COMPUTER
OF THE GUARDIANS,
STARSHIP MYSTICALLY
SEARCHES FOR HIS
MISSING ALLIES,
UNAWARE THAT...

THE
SHIP'S
BEEN
BOARDED--

BADOON
ELITE
GUARD!!

AND SINCE THAT'S WHERE WE LEFT OFF...
THAT'S WHERE THE MADNESS BEGINS ANEW!

YOU HAVE ON
BOARD THIS
VESSEL SOME
NEW **POWER
SOURCE**...

-- A **SENSOR**
PROBE MORE
POTENT THAN
ANY KNOWN
WEAPON IN
YOUR WORLD'S
ARSENAL.

WE'VE
COME TO
COMMIS-
CATE IT--
AND YOU
REBELS!



SENSOR--
HE MEANS
THE SHIP'S
COMPUTER--
AND

...AND DOC RIGHT?
HIS **MAGIC** IS THE
"POWER SOURCE"
THEY'RE AFTER!

BUT THE
COMPUTER
HOOON UP'S
ALREADY
TAKING
HIM TO HIS
LIMITS.

TRUE, ANY
TAMPERING
WITH THE
MECHANISM
WOULD
MEAN
HIS DEATH.

AND THAT,
MY FRIENDS,
WOULD
INDICATE--

-- WE'VE A
FIGHT ON
OUR HANDS!

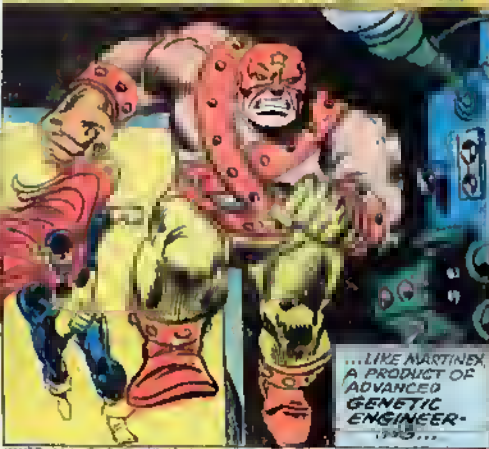
TWIN BURSTS OF HEAT AND COLD FLY FROM THE CRYSTALLINE HANDS
OF MARTINEZ, SOLE SURVIVOR OF EARTH'S COLONY ON PLUTO.



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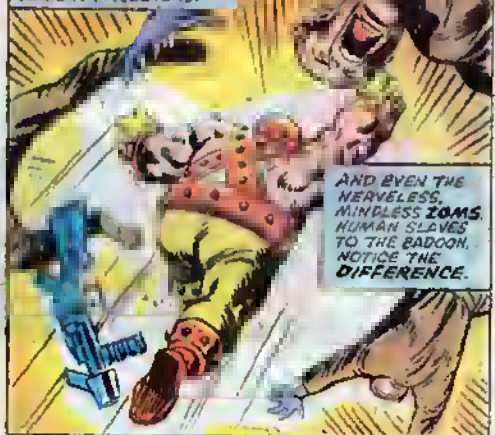
FLAM

AND CLOSE BEHIND... THE RAMPAGE FORM OF
CHARLIE-27, LAST OF EARTH'S JOVIAN COLONISTS...



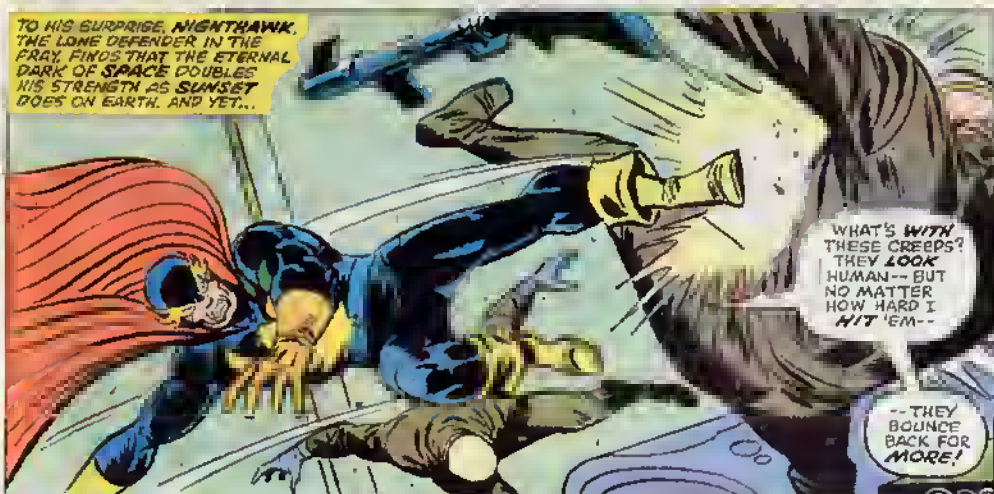
...LIKE MARTINEZ
A PRODUCT OF
ADVANCED
**GENETIC
ENGINEERING**--

...BUT WITH ELEVEN
TIMES THE MASS OF HIS
TERRAN ANCESTORS.



AND EVEN THE
NERVELESS,
MINDLESS ZOMS
HUMAN SLAVES
TO THE BADGON.
NOTICE THE
DIFFERENCE.

TO HIS SURPRISE, NIGHTHAWK, THE LONE DEFENDER IN THE PRAY, FINDS THAT THE ETERNAL DARK OF SPACE DOUBLES HIS STRENGTH AS SUNSET DOES ON EARTH. AND YET...



WHAT'S WITH THESE CREEPS? THEY LOOK HUMAN-- BUT NO MATTER HOW HARD I HIT 'EM--

--THEY BOUNCE BACK FOR MORE!

THE ZOMS DON'T FEEL PAIN, NIGHTHAWK! THEY'VE BEEN LOBOTOMIZED BY THE BADOON-- PROGRAMMED TO HATE THEIR FELLOW EARTHMEN!



AS LOATHESOME AS IT SOUNDS, DEFENDER--

--THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THEM IS BY CRUDDING THEM... OR THEIR MASTERS!



THE BADOON HAVE DONE IT ALL THEN, HAVEN'T THEY--



--EVEN FOUND A WAY TO TURN A HUMAN AGAINST HUMAN.

WELL, IF THEY CAN DO IT--

--SO CAN I!!







MY ORDERS ARE TO SEIZE THIS VESSEL **INTACT**. I'VE THUS EMPLOYED ONLY THE MOST **MILD** WEAPONRY.

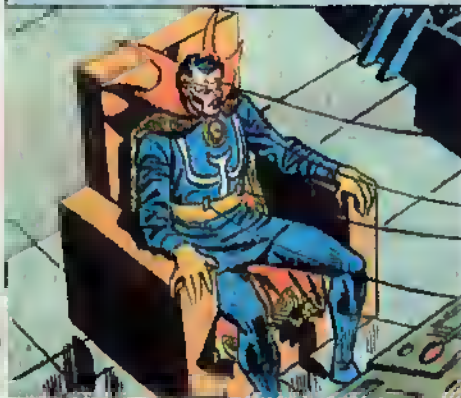
BUT EVEN A BADDOON **STUN-PISTOL** AT SUCH CLOSE RANGE AS **THIS...**!

YOU NEED SAY NO **MORE**. YOUR POINT HAS BEEN **MADE**.



EXCELLENT! THEN I SUGGEST WE PROCEED AT ONCE TO YOUR MYSTERIOUS **POWER SOURCE**!

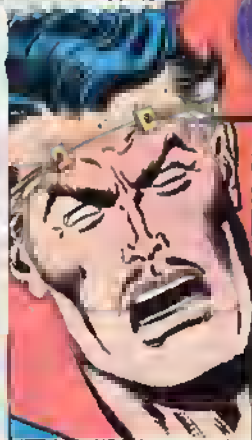
FROM THE STARSHIP'S BRIDGE, THE **MIND** OF THE SORCERER SUPREME-- STILL TIED-IN TO THE **SENSOR BANK**-- CONTINUES ITS GALAXY-SPANNING SEARCH.



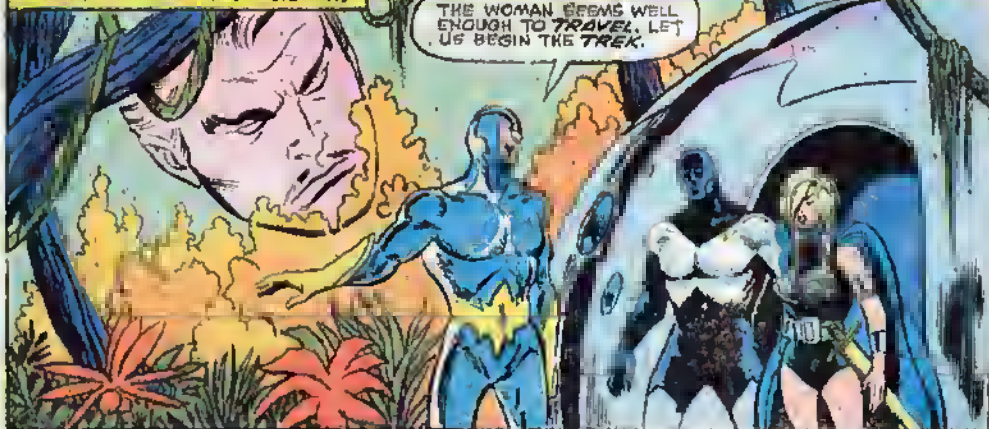
PROBING... ANALYZING DATA WITH COMPUTER RAPIDITY... REACHING OUT INTO THE CLUSTERS OF STARS... THIS SUN TOO HOT... THIS ONE, TOO COOL... THAT ONE... THAT ONE...



CONTACT!!



FAMILIAR VIBRATIONS... **PLANET LOCATION: CAPELLA SYSTEM...** HE'S FOUND THEM!... **SECOND PLANET FROM SUN...** WITH A STRANGER... **READINGS INDICATE RESIDUE OF SOLAR-TYPE ENERGY IN THIRD LIFE-FORM...**!



THE WOMAN SEEMS WELL ENOUGH TO **TRAVEL**. LET US BEGIN THE **TREK**.

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE



NO, VALKYRIE... DO **NOT** DRAW YOUR SWORD. YOU SHALL HAVE NO NEED OF IT, I PROMISE YOU.

BUT THE **LIZARD-BEASTS...**!

UNLESS YOU WOULD **RELISH** ANOTHER ATTACK OF **NAUSEA...** DO AS I SAY.



YOU FORGET... I KNOW ALL **ABOUT** YOU, WARRIOR-WOMAN! THAT YOUR **BODY** ONCE HOUSED BARBARA DENTON... THAT ALL HER **MEMORIES** ARE **LOST** TO YOU... THAT YOUR NEW PERSONA IS THE **ENCHANTRESS**' CREATION...



WHAT?! WHAT HOW...?



NO MATTER. I **KNOW**. AND THAT IS **THAT**.

THE SWAMP CREATURES... WERE ALL **FEMALES**? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?



YOU **ASTONISH** ME, MAJOR ASTRO.

CAN IT **BE** YOU GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY HAVE LEARNED **SO LITTLE** OF YOUR WORLD'S CONQUERORS?

HAVE YOU NEVER QUESTIONED HOW A **BADGON** COULD EXIST...

...WITHOUT A **SISTERHOOD**?



YOU CAN'T MEAN-- **THOSE MINDLESS ANIMALS--?**!

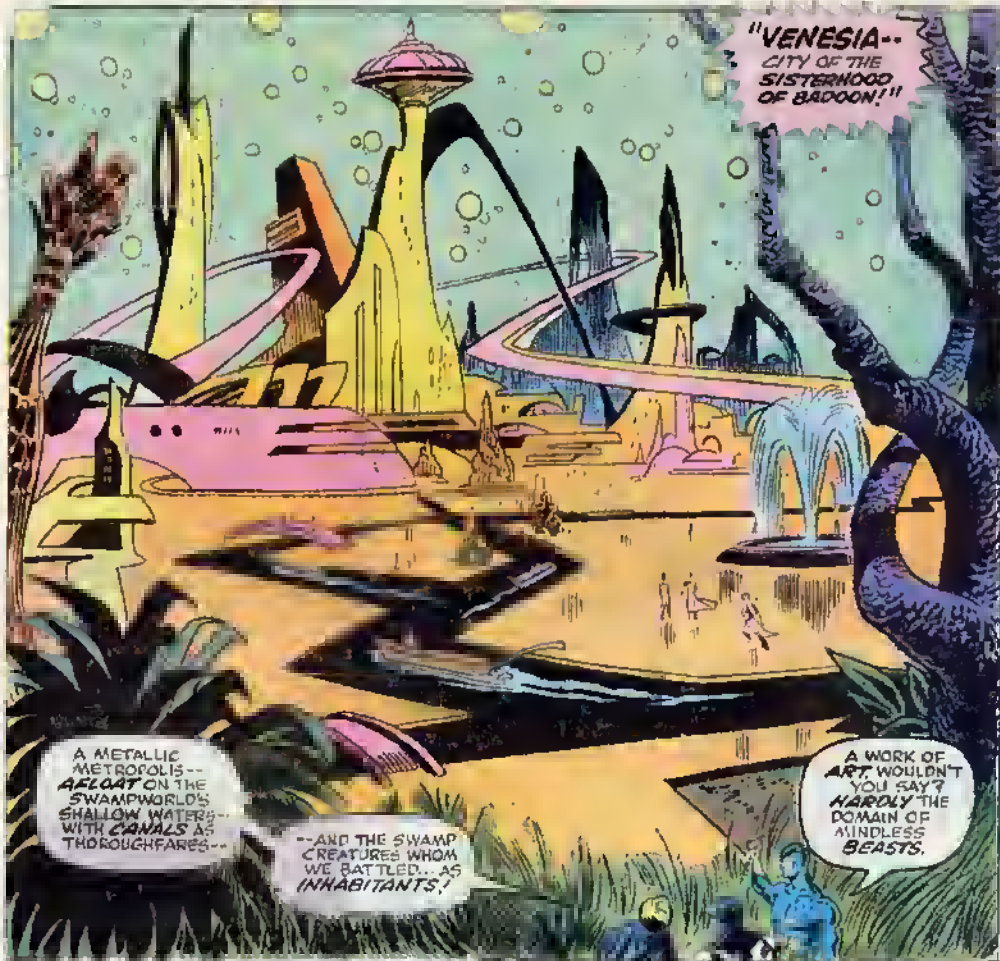
MAJOR... YOU **YOURSELF** REMARKED ON THE **RESEMBLANCE** WHEN THEY FIRST **ASSAULTED** US.



ALL IS NOT WHAT IT **SEEMS** ON THIS SWAMPWORLD, MAJOR. THE CREATURES YOU ENCOUNTERED WERE NOT **SAVAGES** AT ALL.

BEHOLD...!

HELA'S GHOSTS--!



"VENESIA--
CITY OF THE
SISTERHOOD
OF BADOON!"

A METALLIC
METROPOLIS--
AFLOAT ON THE
SWAMPWORLD'S
SHALLOW WATERS--
WITH CANALS AS
THOROUGHFARES--

--AND THE SWAMP
CREATURES WHOM
WE BATTLED... AS
INHABITANTS!

A WORK OF
ART, WOULDN'T
YOU SAY?
HARDLY THE
DOMAIN OF
MINDLESS
BEASTS.

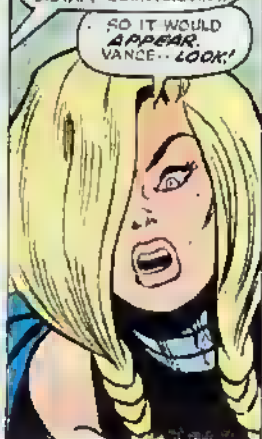
WHOA--REVERSE THRUST, MISTER!
IF THOSE BEINGS ARE INTELLIGENT--
AND IF THEY'RE BADOON--WE'RE
NOT WELCOME HERE!



HAVE YOU
YET TO
UNDER-
STAND ALL
I'VE TOLD
YOU,
MAJOR?

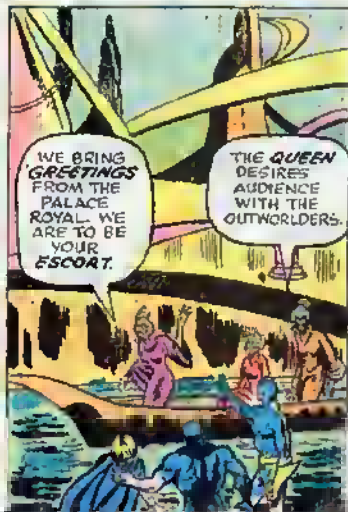
YOUR ENEMY IS THE
BROTHERHOOD OF
BADOON--NOT ITS
DISTAFF COUNTERPART.

SO IT WOULD
APPEAR.
VANCE--LOOK!



WE BRING
GREETINGS
FROM THE
PALACE
ROYAL. WE
ARE TO BE
YOUR
ESCORT.

THE QUEEN
DESIRES
AUDIENCE WITH
THE
OUTWORLDERS.



CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

VAL AND ASTRO'S INCREDULITY IS FULLY MATCHED BY THAT OF A CERTAIN BADGON COMANDER, BACK IN EARTH-ORBIT...



BUT I SEE NO GENERATORS... NO CIRCUITRY... ONLY AN OUTLANDISHLY-GARBED HUMAN...

...WHO IS HIMSELF THE POWER SOURCE YOU SEEK.

FLAGRANT LIES! NO HUMAN BRAIN COULD EMIT A PULSE OF SUCH INTENSITY...

LEAST OF ALL THE BRAIN OF A PINK-SKINNED CORPSE!



CORPSE!?!?

NO! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK US! YOU--



AH, THEN HE WAS ALIVE AT SOME POINT... AND APPARENTLY BURNED HIMSELF OUT. INTERESTING.

WE'LL WANT A CLOSER LOOK AT HIS CRANIUM LATER, I'M SURE.



BUT OUR MEDICAL TEAMS CAN FETCH THE HEAD FOR US ANYTIME...

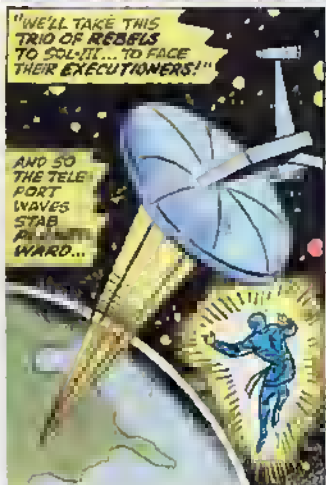
YOU THREE ARE A MORE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM.

ZOMBS! SHOW THEM BACK TO THE TELEPORT CHAMBER.



"WE'LL TAKE THIS TRIO OF REBELS TO SOL-11... TO FACE THEIR EXECUTIONERS!"

AND SO THE TELEPORT WAVES STAB ALL AROUND...



...WHILE A GHOSTLY FIGURE, THE ASTRAL FORM OF DR. STRANGE OBSERVES THE ODD DOINGS WITH... AMUSEMENT?

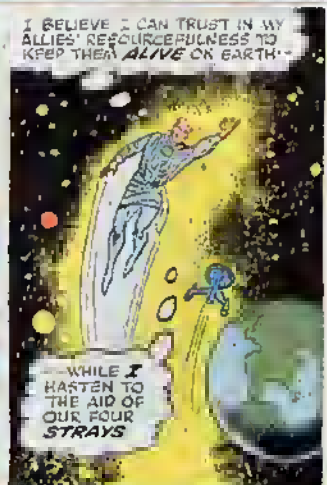
SO, THEY'VE MISTAKEN MY PHYSICAL BODY'S DECELERATED METABOLISM FOR NO LIFE PROCESS AT ALL.

EXCELLENT!



I BELIEVE I CAN TRUST IN MY ALLIES' RESOURCEFULNESS TO KEEP THEM ALIVE ON EARTH...

WHILE I HASTEN TO THE AID OF OUR FOUR STRAYS



"FOR IF THE COMPUTER'S
CALCULATIONS WERE
CORRECT, I CAN LOCATE
THE KURK AND YONDU--

"-- BY PROCEEDING PRECISELY THE SAME DISTANCE
AT PRECISELY THE OPPOSITE ANGLE FROM THE
COURSE WHICH WILL LEAD ME TO VALKYRIE AND
VANCE ASTRO."

THAT SECOND TRAJECTORY, WHEN AND
IF DISASTER FOLLOWS IT, WILL
TAKE HIM TO A DREAMLAND WORLD
RULED BY THE SLACK-JOWLED
EMPEROR GOOZOT, MASTER OF THE
GAMES... A WORLD OF BIZARRE
TECHNOLOGICAL INTERLUX, WHERE
ROBOTS COEXIST WITH MEDIEVAL
DUNGEONS...

...WHERE, EVEN NOW,
THE JADE GIANT OF
THE DEFENDERS AND
THE WEAPONS
MASTER OF THE
GUARDIANS, ARE BEING
GROOMED TO BATTLE
FOR THEIR LIVES.

"WHA--?"--MARY.

MAGNIFICENT!
THEY'LL MAKE
EVEN BETTER
CONTENDERS
THAN I'D
DREAMED!

WE'LL
AWAIT
THEM IN
THE ARENA.
COME MY
PRETTIES...

AYE,
IN A
MOMENT,
GOOZOT.

THE EMPEROR BARELY HEARS
THE WORDS OF HIS LOVELY
COURTESAN... NOR DOES HE
NOTICE, IN HIS MOOD OF COLE-
QUATION, THAT SHE LINGERS
BEHIND...

I AM
CURIOUS
GREEN ONE.
YOU ARE
SO UNLIKE
THE MEN
OF OUR
PLACE.

YOUR LIMBS
ARE HARD, NOT
FLACCID AND
WEAK WITH
THE WEIGHT
OF TOO MUCH
DRINK.

I KNOW... HELD IN HYPNOTIC
THRALL AS YOU ARE, YOU
CANNOT EVEN HAVE FELT MY
TOUCH UPON YOUR FACE.

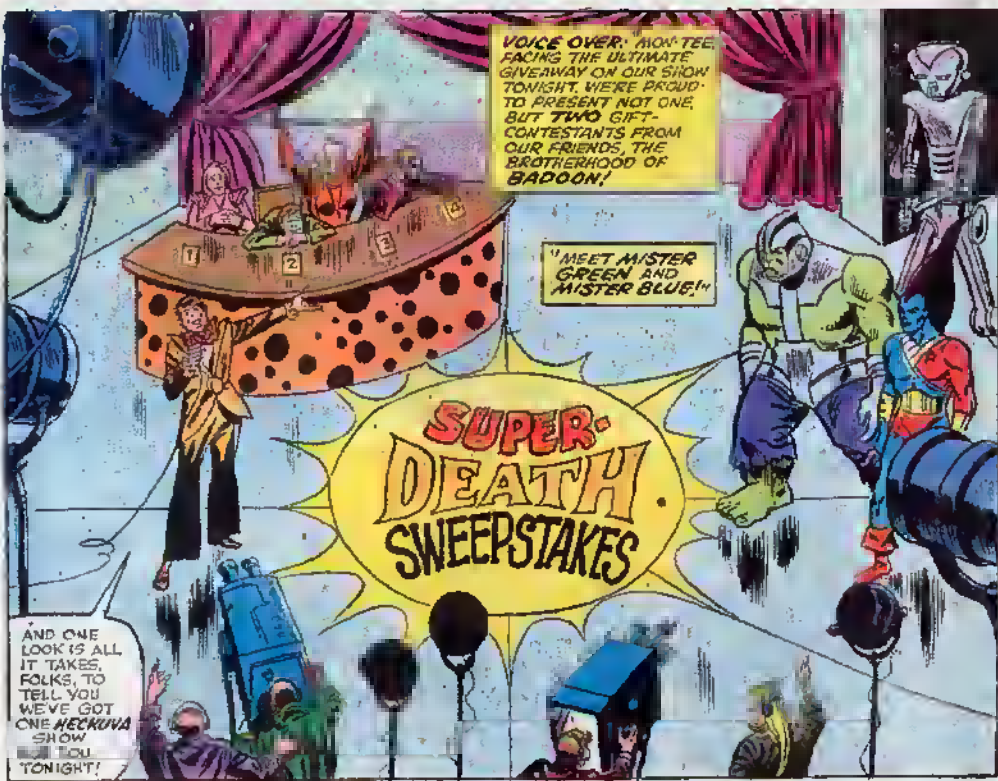
BUT YOU WILL
ONE DAY, I
PROMISE YOU...
IF, AS I EXPECT,
YOU SURVIVE...

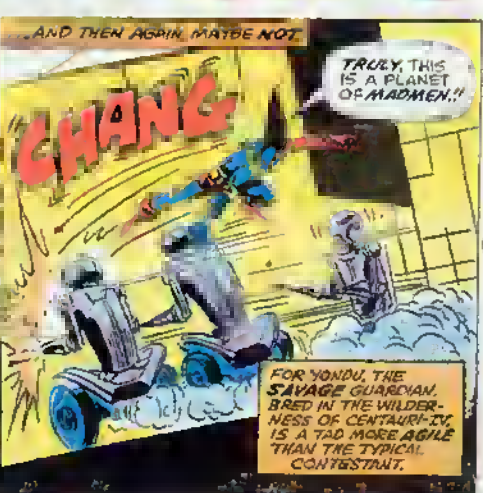
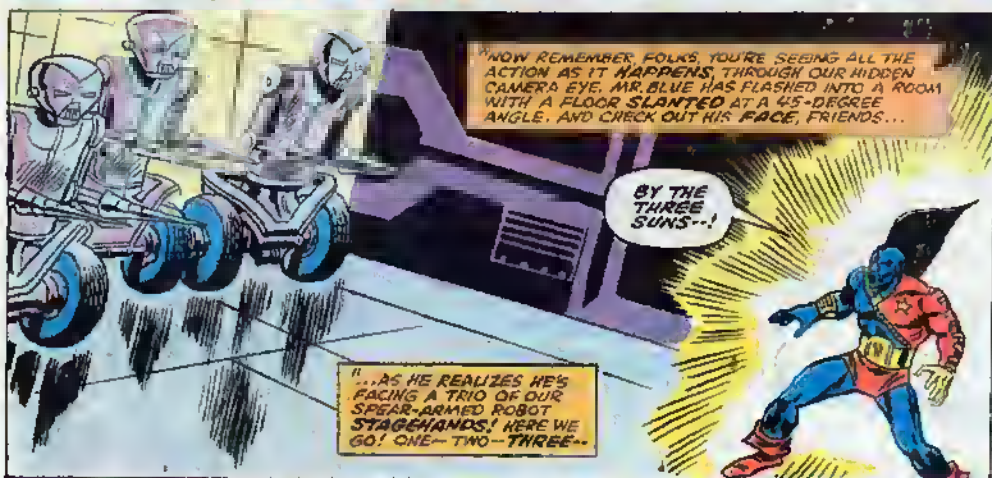
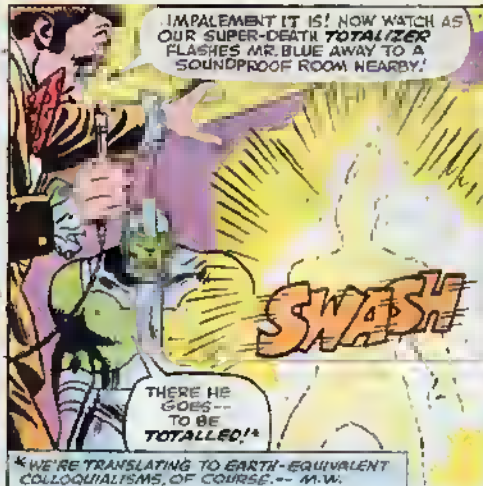
...THE GAME...

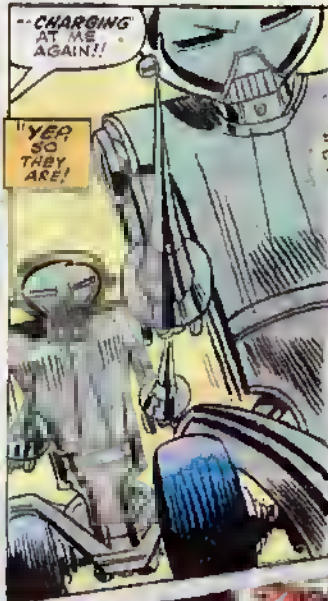


GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND WELCOME ONCE AGAIN TO THE GAME WHERE ONE WRONG MOVE CAN BE YOUR LAST!

YES, GOOZOTIANS, THIS IS-- **SUPER-DEATH SWEEPSTAKES!!**







IT APPEARS SO... UNTIL THE METAL MAN OPENS ITS "MOUTH" AND STICKS OUT ITS "TONGUE" A SILVERY-BRIGHT ALLOY BLADE ON AN ACCORDION HINGE...



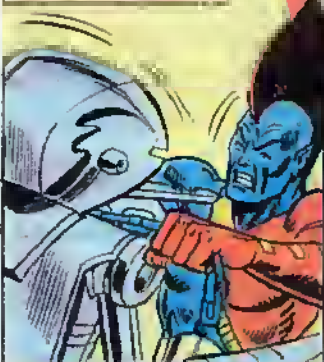
...MOVING INCH-BY-INCH TOWARD YONDU'S THROAT!

THIS IS IT, FOLKS-- THE MOMENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! WATCH CLOSELY--



YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE A GENUINE DEATH TAKE PLACE LIVE ON YOUR SCREEN!

"YES... YES, THE POINT'S COMING CLOSER! IT'S GOING TO -- NO, WAIT! LOOK AT MR. BLUE STRUGGLE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!"



"HE'S TENSED THE CHAIN ON THE ROBOT'S NECK! HE'S PUSHING -- PUSHING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT TO HOLD THE BLADE BACK!"



"AND NOW-- GREAT GNAROS, FOLKS-- HE'S TORN THE ROBOT'S HEAD CLEAN OFF!"



"HE'S WON THE SUPER-DEATH SWEEPSTAKES! LET'S BRING HIM BACK TO THE STUDIO--"



GUARDS!! SURROUND HIM AT ONCE!

-- AND GIVE THE MAN A ROUSING ROUND OF APPLAUSE, WHAT DO YOU SAY?



CUT:



TO THE PALACE
ROYAL OF THE
SISTERHOOD OF
BADOON ON THE
SWAMPWORLD.

HAIL,
QUEEN
TOLARIA!

HAIL TO YOU
ALSO,
STARHAWK—
AND TO THE
TERRANS.
THE
SISTERHOOD
EXTENDS ITS
WELCOME.

THIS IS **INSANITY**! A CITY
AS TECHNOLOGICALLY
ADVANCED AS ANY ON
EARTH—BUILT BY
SAVAGES! A
BADOON QUEEN,
BIDDING AN EARTH-
MAN "WELCOME!"



WHAT'S
GOING
ON
HERE?!

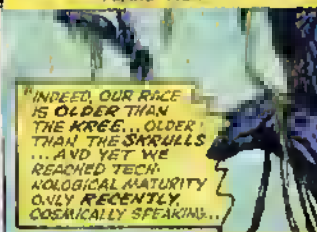
A MISAPPREHENSION ON YOUR
PART, MAJOR. THE SISTERS
YOU MET IN THE SWAMP WERE
NOT MINDLESS BERSERKERS...
BUT VICTIMS OF BADOON
BIOLOGY.



BUT I SENSE
YOU ARE NOT
CONVERSANT
WITH THE
HISTORY OF

ENLIGHTEN
YOU MAJOR?

"THE BADOON EVOLVED ON THIS VERY
WORLD, MANY MILLIONS OF YOUR
YEARS AGO.

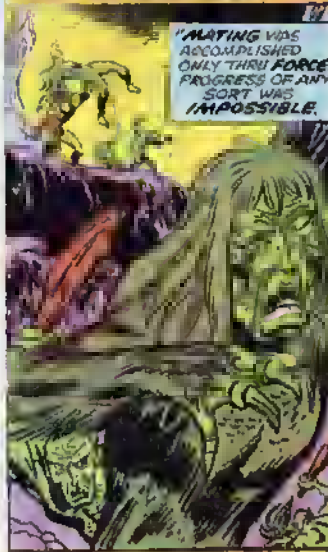


"INDEED, OUR RACE
IS OLDER THAN
THE **KREE**... OLDER
THAN THE **SKRULLS**...
AND YET WE
REACHED TECH-
NOLOGICAL MATURITY
ONLY RECENTLY,
COSMICALLY SPEAKING...

"...DUE TO AN
INBORN
GENETIC
DEFECT.



"THE MALE BADOON HATED THE
FEMALE-- AND VICE VERSA. THE
RESULT, OF COURSE, WAS AN ONGOING
WAR OF THE SEXES SUCH AS YOUR
WORLD HAS NEVER KNOWN.



"MATING WAS
ACCOMPLISHED
ONLY THRU **FORCE**.
PROGRESS OF ANY
SORT WAS
IMPOSSIBLE.

"NATURE COMPENSATED BY ALLOWING
THE MATING URGE TO STRIKE ONLY
ONCE IN EACH BADOON'S LIFESPAN, BUT
WHEN IT DOES, WE ARE REDUCED-- MALE
AND FEMALE ALIKE-- TO ANIMALS.

"THOUGH FIERCER AND STRONGER THAN THE MALES OF OUR SPECIES, WE BADDOON FEMALES LACKED THEIR CUNNING, THEIR SLYNESS."



"AND SO, IN TIME, WE WERE OVERCOME, PLACED IN BONDAGE."

"AND WHILE WE TOILED WITH OUR HANDS GUARDED BY AND SEGREGATED FROM THE MALES EXCEPT FOR MATING PURPOSES... THEY SET ABOUT EVOLVING A TECHNOLOGY, AND THAT WAS THE STATE OF AFFAIRS FOR A FEW THOUSAND SUN-CYCLES, AS THE BROTHERHOOD PROGRESSED FROM SPEARS..."



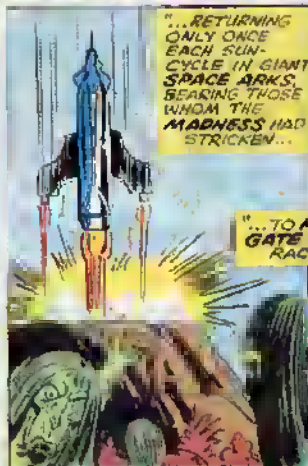
"...TO SPACESHIPS."

"AND THEN THE ULTI-MATE SEGREGATION OCCURRED."



"THE MALES DESERTED THIS WORLD..."

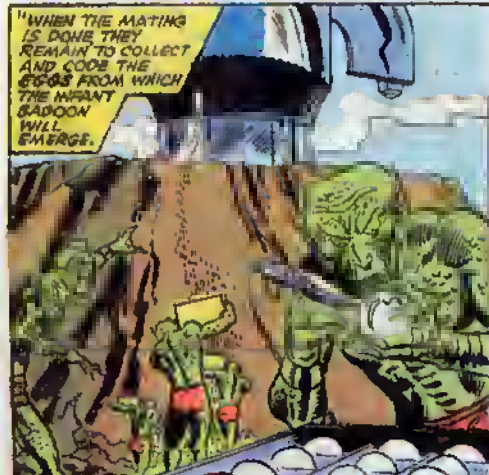
"...RETURNING ONLY ONCE EACH SUN-CYCLE IN GIANT SPACE ARKS, BEARING THOSE WHOM THE MADNESS HAD STRICKEN..."



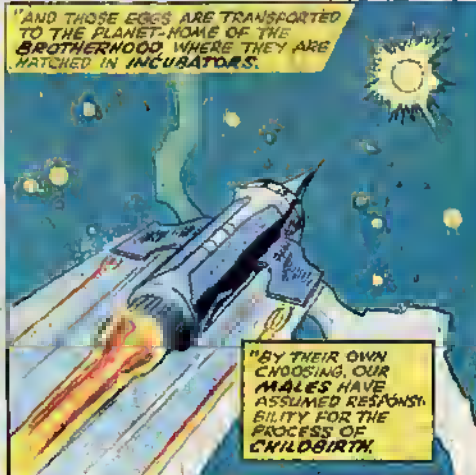
"...TO PROPAGATE THE RACE."



"WHEN THE MATING IS DONE, THEY REMAIN TO COLLECT AND COOE THE EGGS FROM WHICH THE INFANT BADDOON WILL EMERGE."



"AND THOSE EGGS ARE TRANSPORTED TO THE PLANET-HOME OF THE BROTHERHOOD WHERE THEY ARE HATCHED IN INCUBATORS."

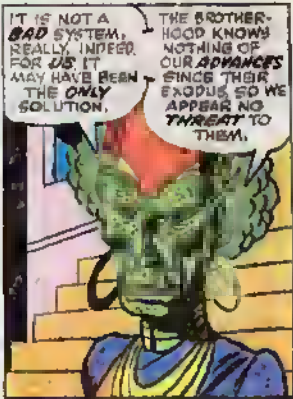
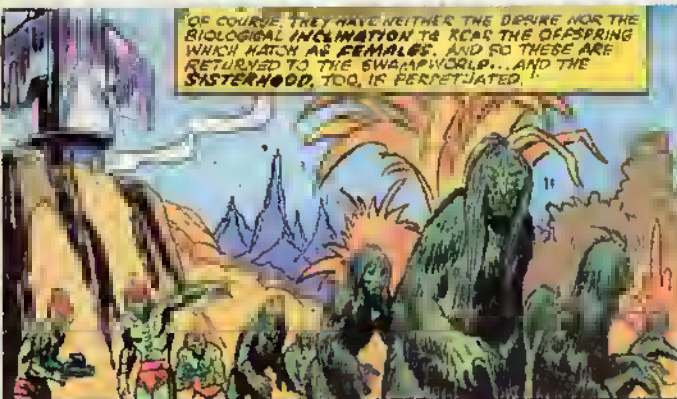


"BY THEIR OWN CHOOSING, OUR MALES HAVE ASSUMED RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE PROCESS OF CHILD BIRTH."

OF COURSE, THEY HAVE NEITHER THE DESIRE NOR THE BIOLOGICAL INCINATION TO REAR THE OFFSPRING WHICH MATE AS FEMALES. AND SO THESE ARE RETURNED TO THE SWAMPY COULDS... AND THE SISTERHOOD, TOO, IS PERPETUATED.

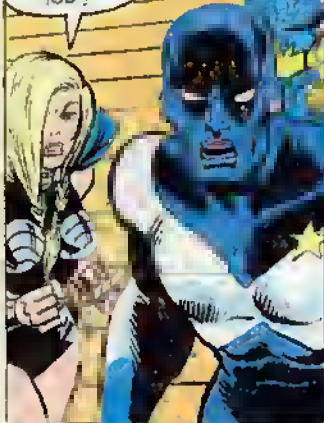
IT IS NOT A BAD SYSTEM, REALLY. INDEED, FOR US IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE ONLY SOLUTION.

THE BROTHERHOOD KNOWS NOTHING OF OUR ADVANCES SINCE THEIR EXODUS, SO WE APPEAR NO THREAT TO THEM.



SO YOU'VE REMAINED SLAVES TO THE MALES' SYSTEM. IT'S NICE AND SAFE AS LONG AS YOU STAY CONFINED TO THIS WORLD AND NO QUESTIONS ARE ASKED.

HAS IT NEVER OCCURRED TO YOU... TO REVOLT? TO THROW OFF THE CONSTRUCTIONS PLACED UPON YOU?



WHY? OUR EXISTENCE HERE IS ALL WE DESIRE... PEACE AMONG OURSELVES AND WITH THE MALE OF OUR SPECIES.

AND IF THE REST OF THE MILKY WAY WANTS YOU DEAD -- THAT DOESN'T MATTER?



WHAT INTEREST WOULD THOSE OTHER WORLDS HAVE IN US?

AS THE PROGENITORS OF THE BROTHERHOOD... PLENTY... WHILE YOU'VE KEPT YOURSELVES CLOSED OFF HERE...

...THE MALES HAVE ESTABLISHED AN EMPIRE... PLUNDERED THE GALAXY... WHOLE CIVILIZATIONS...!

WERE YOU TRULY UNAWARE?



WE HAD ASSUMED... THE BROTHERHOOD'S CULTURE HAD PROGRESSED IN A SIMILAR FASHION TO OUR OWN.

THE MALES' TREATMENT OF US WAS A PHYSIOLOGICAL NECESSITY. WE NEVER BELIEVED...

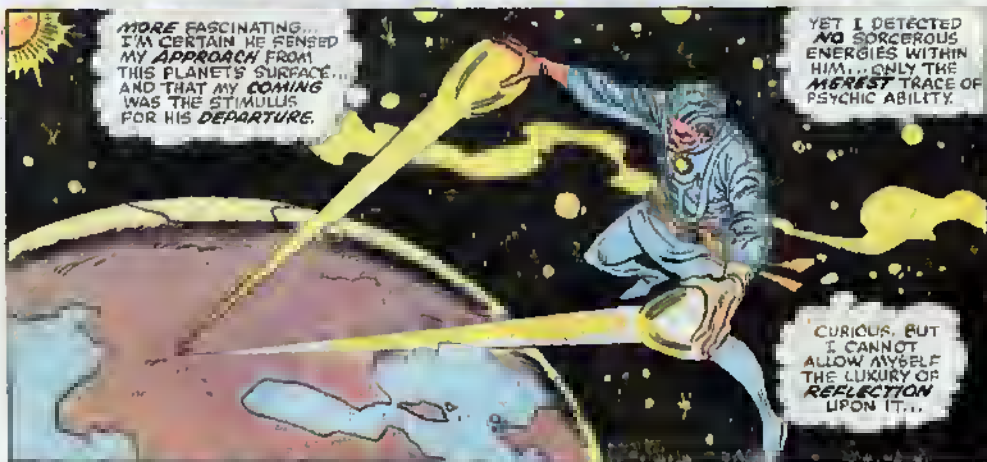
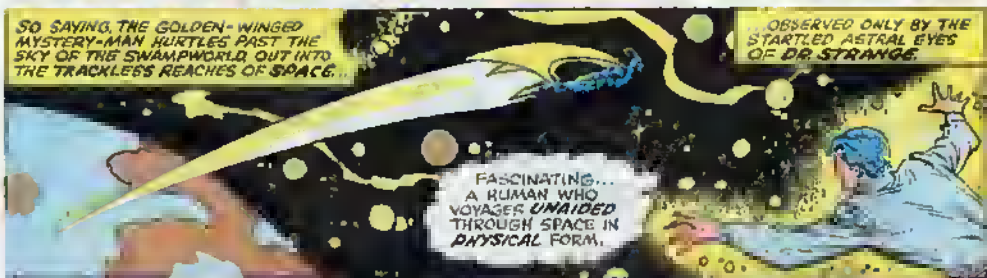
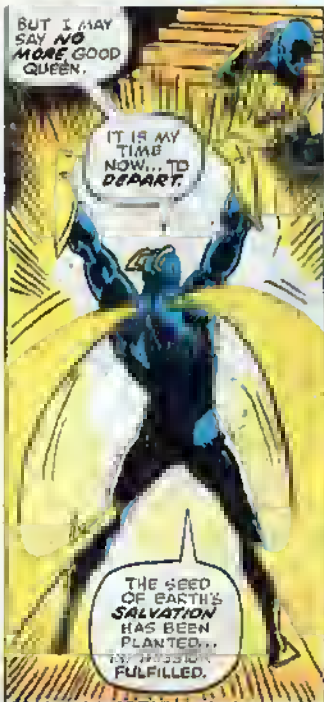
EVEN ON THIS WORLD, IT NEVER EXTENDED TO OTHER

THEY WERE A GENTLE BREED. ACTUALLY, WE RATHER ENVIED THE COURTESY THEY ACCORDED THEIR PETS AND BEASTS OF BURDEN.

STARHAWK... DOES THIS TERRAN SPEAK THE TRUTH? ANSWER-- AS ONE WHO KNOWS.

HE DOES NOT LIE.





...UNTIL MY WORK HERE IS DONE."

YOU HAVE MY
WORD TERCANS,
THE SISTERHOOD
SHALL INVESTI-
GATE ALL--
WHAT?!!



QUEEN TOLARIA GAPES IN ASTONISH-
MENT AT THE WISPS OF SMOKE
RISING FROM WHERE VAL AND VANCE
STOOD THE MOMENT BEFORE.



HAVE THEY BEEN DESTROYED--
REDUCED TO VAPOR? OR DID THEY
WANDER OFF THEIR OWN ACCORDS
AND IF SO-- OR EVEN IF NOT--
DO THEY STILL LIVE-- IN ANOTHER
PLACE?

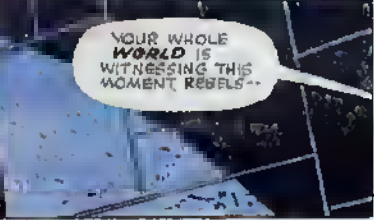


VAL-- UNLESS I'VE
GONE MAD-- WE'RE
BACK ON EARTH!!
I RECOGNIZE THIS
CITY! ITS--

HELA'S
GHOSTS--!



YOUR WHOLE
WORLD IS
WITNESSING THIS
MOMENT REBELS--



--WATCHING AS YOU
PAY THE PRICE FOR DEFIANCE
OF THE FAR FLUNG EMPIRE
OF A DOOM!

"GUARDIANS OF
THE GALAXY"
YOU CALL
YOURSELVES?
KEEPERS OF
THE FLAME OF
THE PLANET?



THEN LET EARTH
SEE ITS GALAXY
LEFT IMPERILED--
ITS FLAME
EXTINGUISHED!

BROTHERS OF
THE EMPIRE--
TAKE AIM!!

LET MY PLANET GO!

NEXT